

The Man From the Clouds :

By J. STORER CLOUSTON
Author of "The Spy in Black," "The Lunatic at Large," etc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY
A British subalternant is sent up as a lookout in an observation balloon by a cruiser patrolling the North sea in the summer of 1914. Strong winds blowing toward Germany break the cable holding the balloon and after drifting in the clouds, the subalternant, seeing land, and thinking he is about to land on German territory, jumps out with a parachute and lands safely in a pasture, where he meets a man whom he addresses in German. This man uses a password in speaking to the subalternant, who fails to answer it satisfactorily. The man leaves him, but not before the subalternant has discovered he is now on an island near the English coast, and the man is a German spy. He secures food and shelter at a small house on the beach, where he learns one, Rendall, owns the island, which adjoins another containing a British naval base. Determined to capture the spy and win recognition from his government, he sets out to explore the place, meets a Doctor Rendall and a man, O'Brien, suspicious person living alone in a house, who direct him to the home of the owner of the island.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
ABOUT a hundred yards further on I rounded a corner and came upon a very miserable figure. He was an old, old man with faded spectacles and a long white beard, and the raggedest overcoat I ever saw, and he was sitting on the grass with his feet in the ditch apparently doing nothing but simply sitting still. As I approached he peered at me as though he were more than half blind, and then, in an extraordinarily thin, high, piping voice he said: "A fine day, mister!"

This time I did the Teutonic bully. It went horribly against the grain to stare such a miserable object, but with no one looking on I thought that the kind of man I was supposed to be would probably treat a worm like this to a touch of the All-Highest.

"Be dashed and damned to you!" I growled.
The old boy started perceptively, and in rather an eager voice he asked: "Have you got a wax match, mister?"

"Wax match? No, and he confounded!" said I.
For the next quarter of a mile or so I felt too ashamed of myself and too contrite to think much about what the old fellow had said, and then suddenly it began to strike me that a wax match was rather a curious thing to ask for. A match was natural enough, but why need it be wax?

And then I stopped, wheeled round and walked back. I told myself that I was growing absurd and getting pass-words on the brain. Still, there seemed no harm in exchanging a few more remarks with the old man.

But when I reached the same spot on the road he was gone. There were one or two small houses not far away and it was quite possible he had reached them by now, especially if he wanted his match badly; though it would mean moving a little faster than I had given him credit for. Or he might be lying down out of sight having a nap, and as the day was warm and he had apparently nothing better to do, that seemed a very possible solution. Anyhow, there was no sign of him, and if there had been, I told myself he would probably have proved to be merely the island patriarch with a senile fancy for wax matches, so I resumed my journey to the "big house."

As I topped another rise I got the best view I had yet seen of the lay of the island. A group of larger buildings on another hillock, still well over a mile ahead, was evidently the mansion at last. Behind me I saw the doctor's and nurse's houses, and no doubt myself that it stood distinct in the northwest district of the island.

It was no long walk from that bleak habitation to the Scollays' on the shore. And now I addressed myself to a delicate question. If I were going to keep up the part of suspicious stranger at the Rendalls, at all events to begin with, what account of my arrival should I give? It must be a tale plausible enough to keep them in doubt, for unless the laird himself were actually up to his neck in treason (and though I was prepared for anything by this time, there were limits to the assumptions I ventured to make), he would certainly wire either to the police or the naval authorities and I should immediately become a mere spectator. In fact, I would probably not be allowed even to stay and look on.

And this was not mere selfish desire for glory and excitement. I was quite capable of seeing that my tale might not convince older and wiser people as thoroughly as it convinced myself. In fact, I felt a strong presentiment that I should merely be put down as a brilliant liar and the spy hunt would come to an end—with the spy still in the island. That was where I still thought I was justified in playing the hand myself.

But what tale could I tell? The truth—that I had dropped out of a balloon? Who would believe it for an instant unless I produced the hidden parachute? And if I unearthed the parachute, the whole island would know in a couple of hours and the people I was after would also be convinced. And it would not be a conviction that I was a fellow spy.

only this grass was short and well-tended and there were one or two flower beds before the door and ivy on one of the walls (where the wind was least destructive); and though the mansion was weather-beaten and plain and gray, it had nothing of the bleak and chilly aspect of the other house.

It simply looked as though it had lived a long and stormy life and had now gone to sleep.
At one side stretched a high-walled garden with the tops of a few stunted trees just showing their heads, and close at the back of the place one could see a collection of farm buildings, very like the mansion architecturally, only grayer and more weathered. A fairly steep roof, gable-ended, with a row of small windows second to the chief features of the whole stone gathering.

"Somebody very primitive obviously lives here," I said to myself as I pulled the bell.
But it came bodily in my hand, so I carefully pushed it back, and tried a

myself to play the part I had arranged. They seemed as though they would be a little difficult to deceive.
However, thank heaven I have lived down most of the virtues that embarrass the young. I had lied before, been found out and lived through it; so I flicked my heels together, bowed and inquired:

"Is Mr. Rendall in?"
(My accent wasn't really quite as bad as that, but I should have to invent fresh vowels to illustrate what it actually sounded like.)
I had expected some slight symptoms of alarm, but she answered with perfect composure and in a voice that matched the hair and blouse:
"Yes, he is. Will you come in?"
I bowed again and entered the mansion of Mr. Rendall.

CHAPTER VII
At the Mansion House
AS I followed the girl through the hall, a man's voice asked: "Is that O'Brien?"

proceeded next to take stock of the room.
It was not large, but pleasantly proportioned, low in the ceiling, and pervaded with a delicate yet distinct flavor of the past. I found myself instinctively wondering how one could reproduce this particular flavor on the stage, no armor or tapestry or any of the usual antique paraphernalia to be allowed, for beyond the thick walls and rather small windows, it was so difficult to lay one's finger on any one specific thing that palpably suggested age. Finally I decided that it was impossible to re-create such an atmosphere. It was compounded of stillness within and the glimpses of primitive quiet without, a touch of comfortable shabbiness, of plenty of elderly books, and of a faint odor of the dampness of centuries mingled with the scent of honeysuckle. My suspicions were suddenly lulled, and had that prompt decision which has landed me in and pulled me out of so many holes, I decided to drop my Ger-

man accent. That the charming Miss Rendall might miss it, and wonder what had become of it, was (I must confess) a reflection which did not occur to me until afterward.
Just as I had come to this decision, I walked the laird, and in two minutes I had come to another decision, which was to adhere to the plan of campaign I had thought of as I walked, in so far as keeping my business to myself was concerned. My first impression of Mr. Rendall was of height, and a certain quiet, formidable quality. He was gray-haired, with a close-clipped grizzled mustache, loose clothes as though he had shrunk a little in girth, and the unmistakable air of a man who had seen considerably more of the world than the island of Kansay. He received me quite politely and hospitably, but with every moment that passed I grew more acutely conscious of something deterrent behind his courtesy. A sense of a strong personality in the background, not actually hostile as yet, but ironic and critical, set me instinctively and instantly on guard.

I gave him my name and then I said in a quiet confidential way: "Forgive this intrusion, Mr. Rendall, but the fact is my ship has evidently been called away."
I glanced toward the window, and following my look he could see the smoke of the cruiser just visible on the horizon. He gave a little nod, but said nothing.

"I was handed last night on a certain piece of business," I went on, "and it is no part of that business to make myself conspicuous, and so I have taken the liberty of coming to your house."
"You wish to wait here till your ship returns?" he inquired.
"I thought perhaps you might know of some lodging where I might remain quietly."

"No," she said, "it's some one to see you, father."
She showed me into a room and closed the door, and in the course of the next few minutes I came to one or two pretty obvious conclusions. She was clearly Mr. Rendall's daughter, and they were equally clearly in the habit of receiving visits at odd times from Mr. O'Brien; in fact they evidently considered it was he, or Miss Rendall herself would scarcely have opened the door to me. Also, her reply might be taken as implying that if Mr. O'Brien had been the visitor, it would not have been her father he had come to see. But whether or no this were the true interpretation, I so thoroughly disliked and suspected O'Brien that any suggestion of intimacy was alone enough to make me glad I had started on the defensive.

"Otherwise," said I to myself, "what a charming girl to find in such a place!"
However, I reminded myself that I had not come here to be charmed, and

large brass knocker instead, a massive affair that looked as though it had once been part of a ship's wreck. I knocked once, I knocked twice, I knocked three and then the door opened and I enjoyed a fresh sensation.
Instead of the prehistoric being I had expected, a girl stood in the open door looking at me out of a quite remarkably bright pair of eyes—disconcertingly bright in fact. She was dressed in the very smartest and most up-to-date country kit; short tweed skirt of a pleasing greenish hue, stockings to match, brown brogue shoes, and a blouse that might have come from Paris. Her hair was dressed as fashionably as the rest of her, and her face was of precisely the kind I had least expected to see, rather thin with neatly chiseled features and delicate eyebrows, and an entirely sophisticated expression. There was no doubt she was decidedly pretty, and quite delightfully fresh and trim looking. But her eyes were her best feature. As I looked straight into them for an instant I could scarcely bring



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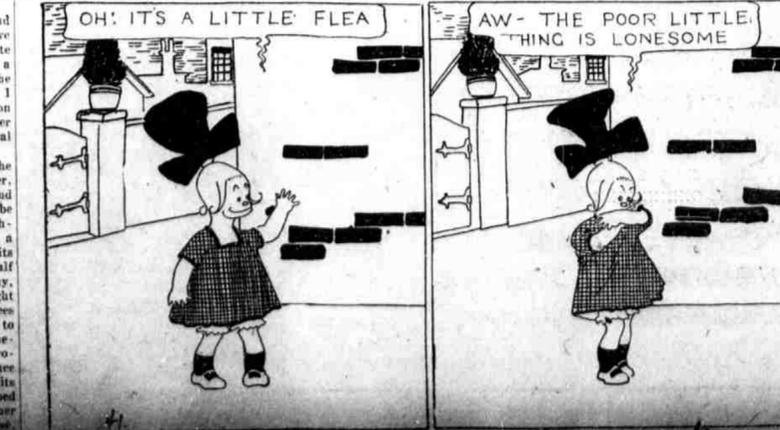
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SELF-SLANDERERS
We are all wretched sinners, whatever our station. Declared Thomas P. Hutton McStitch. He professed his adherence to infidel damnation and predestination and such.
But I noticed (though never once mentioned his crime) He'd play with the babies for hours at a time.
Mick Diddleton, Bolshevik, anarchist, tough.
At the "bond-holding class" would inveigh. To consensate wealth was to him not enough—
The owners he'd kill right away.
But though milk and crackers is always his lunch. He bought every Liberty Bond in the bunch.
In the mental equipment of all there's a kink That leads to a judgment untrue. It is not what you say, it is not what you think, That counts, but the thing that you do.
"By your deeds we shall know you" east, west, north and south, And not by the words that come out of your mouth.
GRIF ALEXANDER.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS
THE fire Marlow signed up Dulatch for his fire insurance on "Plant Number 3" we all had lunch together at the Billard Hotel. It was a kind of celebration affair, for that Dulatch contract was the biggest one secured up to date.
"Mr. Marlow, you pretend to be an expert on insurance, don't you? I mean a real dyed-in-the-wool expert."
Marlow looked a bit embarrassed, while Brown laughed and said: "If there's any man within a thousand miles of this spot who really knows the ins and outs of insurance—especially fire and life—than Fred Marlow—well, I've never heard of him, that's all!"
"That's just about what Mr. Duke said," was my comment—remark that evidently delighted the clever but modest Marlow. "Moreover," I continued, "Mr. Duke says that right here in Keechoo are plenty of men and women who would give real money to know something of the intricacies of insurance."
"What's the idea?" Brown queried. "Do you want Fred to become an insurance consultant? Ha, ha! I like that—Fred Marlow, insurance consultant. Interviews by appointment only. Ten bucks per interview paid to his—er—secretary."
We were all in a sufficiently genial mood to join in Brown's merriment. When we ceased joking I took up the subject again by saying: "That, however, is not the idea—all though even that isn't so far-fetched. No, Mr. Marlow, what Mr. Duke suggests is that you become a teacher of insurance."
"A teacher of insurance? Good heavens above! What! How? I don't follow you," he blundered into silence.
"Keechoo has a splendid Y. M. C. A. and part of its most popular activity is its educational department in charge of Herbert Venable. I had that Venable is a California—Oakland, I believe—he's a real live wire and is anxious to give Keechoo the kind of educational courses that will help the community. I suggest that you call on Venable and point out to him the value of insurance knowledge and offer to put on a course on that subject beginning next fall. You'll give your services, of course."
While Marlow nor Brown spoke for a neither Marlow said slowly and thoughtfully:
"Of course, if I could be of any

service I'd be glad to do it—but I know little about how to teach."
"Where does that help us?" asked his more practical partner.
"The help is indirect but positive," I explained. "It will keep your name and business before the public and also give you intimate acquaintances with the student—the fellows most interested in insurance, young fellows looking to insurance as a career, business men anxious to know something more of insurance with a view to saving money on their policies, office men and secretaries, in whose duties the care of insurance matters is included."
"What's so good about that?" he asked. "Go to it, Fred—it's a good idea."
"If the Y. M. C. A. will put on the course," Marlow dryly commented.
"The upshot of it was that Marlow agreed to see Venable if I would go with him."
We then got busy and planned such a course as Marlow felt would cover the subject. He got quite enthusiastic over it and finally we mapped out a course which required twenty-six sessions of an hour and one-half each to complete. Marlow was to give two sessions a week and so finish the job in one winter.
Did Venable look with favor on the plan? He did, and before the week out the newspapers announced that "the Y. M. C. A. had completed arrangements for the well-known insurance expert, Fred Marlow, of the firm of Marlow & Brown, to give a course on insurance—including insurance selling—the coming fall."
"A few days later, little folders outlining the course were printed and distributed all over the business section of Keechoo.
"Some good publicity," chuckled Brown.
Marlow's only comment was, "Never mind the publicity. I want to put over the best course I know how—it's a good service, I think."

DOROTHY DARNIT—This Flea Must Have Been A. W. O. L. (Military Stuff)



DAILY NOVELETTE

TWO INCONSISTENCIES
By Grace Prendergast

ETHELBERTA, in her white dress, crouched on the hearth rug with one arm around Napoleon's shaggy neck. Dick, from the depths of the armchair on the other side of the fireplace watched it and was almost happy, for this was the last time, of course, that he would see her.

Even Ethelberta, who usually talked a great deal, had hardly spoken during the evening. Her left hand was quite hidden in Napoleon's long hair, but Dick was quite sure that upon the third finger there was a new diamond ring. He began to wish she would say something, anything, just to end this long silence.

"You know, Dick, I thought you would come to see me last evening," the remark started Dick, though he had been thinking of that very thing. "I did come," he answered; "but you were engaged."
"Ah! you came when I had called? But you could have waited. They weren't here long and you've done it before."
"Yes, because I wasn't going away then, and there was no baggage to look after or tickets, or home affairs to settle. They're all settled now, and that is why I have a whole evening to inflict upon your hospitable goodness."

Ethelberta ignored the last part of this speech. "So you are really going tomorrow morning, and there is nothing in the world that will dissuade you," she smiled.
"Why shouldn't I go?" he asked. "It is a good opening, quite as good as the one I have had here, and the future has great possibilities. I believe it is a man's duty, when he gets out of college, to look up the nearest place in his country, and go there and do all in his power to make that part of the country strong. It's very very busy always to think only of one's self."
Ethelberta had looked up with an amused little smile. "You are right," she said thoughtfully. "It is very selfish to think only of one's self."
"For nearly a year," Dick continued, "I have been thinking of going out there. So this offer only brought matters to a crisis. It isn't a sudden impulse."
"And every one thought you were so nicely settled here."
"Oh, I don't know. Of course, it has been comfortable and pleasant helping Uncle Richard, and no doubt some day I would have the whole practice—most of it, at any rate. But I want to strike out for myself, and now is the time and there is the place to do it."

"And to help your country, too, Dick. And, of course, you'll be very busy and happy. Why, Dick, it's just the nicest kind of a future imaginable. You are wise to choose it. I am so glad for you."
Dick did not reply. He was staring at that small left hand, whose fingers kept themselves so persistently behind Napoleon's neck. Of course, he knew the ring was there, but he wanted to see it.

"Dick," the girl said presently speaking very slowly, as if she were weighing the words, "I think I have not mentioned it to you before, so I will tell you now, because I shall probably not see you again—I have decided to go away."
"Yes," he said, "I feel just as you do about your country, and I want to do some good with mine. I have decided to go south as a school teacher. It is one of the neediest places in the country, and the future has great possibilities. Oh, with a deprecatory gesture as he began to speak, "I've been thinking of it for nearly a year, so this isn't a sudden impulse."
"But your father—"
"Why, he is heartily in sympathy. I talked to him about it last week, the afternoon he met you in town and you told him of your intention of going to Alaska."

"But, Bertie," Dick managed at last to say, "I thought—I thought—Jack Norton, you know. Last night—I hope you will forgive me—I really could not help seeing. When you and Jack are married, of course—Oh! it isn't my affair, I know, but I can't help caring about it, because—well, I haven't any right to say it to an engaged girl, but you know what it is—because I can't help loving you—his voice choked.
"I meant never to tell you all this," Dick went on, after a few minutes, "though you must have known it long ago. I've loved you ever since that first class day. And now—"
It was quite still in the room, only the crackling of the fire and the spatter of rain on the trees outside being heard.

"Dick," a voice said in the clearest of soft tones, "did you know that your cousin Helen is going to marry Jack Norton? They've loved each other a long time, but that foolish old understanding of his father and mine has kept them apart. Jack told me about it last night and left the decision to me. He's a dear boy, but I never could think of marrying him. My father wasn't half as angry as I thought he'd be."
"Bertie, Bertie, let me see your face!" Dick had crossed the room with a bound and was bending over her. Ethelberta drew back, laughing a little, and

rose slowly to her feet. Then their eyes met. Napoleon whined again, but no one paid any attention to him, but "Bertie," Dick said after a time, "tell me. Had you any serious thought of going South?"
"Certainly. Quite as serious as yours of going to Alaska."
Dick laughed foolishly. "Well," he said, "I don't think I need go after all. Uncle Dick needs me. He wasn't at all pleased with my plans. But a fellow has to do something with himself when he can't bear the old association any longer."
"But how about the country, Dick?"
"The country?" he recalled. "Why—why—we'll buy some extra Liberty Bonds."
The next complete novelette—"Ge Whizz."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--ByDaddy

"THE QUEST OF JOYOUSNESS"

"THE QUEST OF JOYOUSNESS"
(Peggy and Billy, chasing Joyousness, have a wonderful ride up a mountain and a thrilling coast down. Following Phil misses the fun and gets into trouble because of his grackiness.)



They hung suspended over the open mouths of the snarling beasts

Phil's Wild Ride
JUST as Frowning Phil and Wantit Myway seemed about to slide into the jaws of the hungry mountain lions waiting on the ledge at the bottom of the cliff, they stopped abruptly. Their coats had caught on jutting rocks, and they hung suspended over the open mouths of the snarling beasts.

Joyousness, standing at the door of her house in the valley far below, handed Peggy and Billy each a pair of field glasses. With these they could see plainly every movement of Phil and the dwarf. The mountain lions, seeing their expected dinner hanging just out of their reach, claved vainly at the cliff and leaped as high as they could in the snarling reach of Phil, but he, thrashing out with his foot, kicked the lion right on the nose and sent it sprawling backward, tearing mad.

Peggy and Billy couldn't help laughing at this, but their laughter was cut short when the glasses disclosed wriggling, swaying creatures in a rocky crevice close to Phil and the dwarf. "Rattlesnakes!" whispered Billy. Phil saw the snakes at that very moment. Scared into a panic, he gave such a jerk that his coat tore free from the rock and down he flopped right on top of the mountain lions, bringing Wantit Myway tumbling with him.

The mountain lions were knocked flat, and before they could rise Phil and the dwarf had dug their fingers deep into the creature's soft fur. The lions, who had thought they were going to have an easy dinner, were startled by this unexpected form of attack, and bounded away down the mountain with Phil and Wantit Myway clinging desperately to them. The lions were scared, but they were not half so scared as Phil and the dwarf.

Suddenly a wide chasm yawned before the fleeing beasts. They gathered themselves to leap it and as they flew into the air Phil and Wantit Myway tumbled off, landing on a bumpy incline. Bumpy, bump, bump! went the two, with worse bumps to come, for they landed right in the midst of a grazing flock of mountain sheep.

The mountain sheep were scared, and so they did the first thing that popped into their heads—they butted. Wham!

a young buck sent Phil bounding in front of an old ram, and when! the old ram butted him in front of the leader of the flock, and wham! the leader of the flock butted him half way down another bumpy incline. "Bump, bump, bump!" Phil landed right at the feet of Joyousness. And close behind him was Wantit Myway.

"You're just in time for dinner," cried Joyousness. "The clock is beginning to strike six. Half a minute more and you'd have been too late, for my dining-room doors always close on the last stroke!"
"Oh, have you lots of fried chicken and pineapple ice?" asked Phil, rubbing his bruised head.

"We haven't any chicken or pineapple ice. We have delicious pork tenderloin and strawberry shortcake with ice cream on top."
"Aw, shoot! I want chicken and pineapple ice!" bawled Phil.
"Zowie! Over we go again," yelled Wantit Myway disgustedly. He flopped over on his head and Phil flopped with him.

"Hurry," warned Joyousness. Peggy and Billy followed Hopeful Smiles and Cheer-Up into the dining room to find spread before them a luscious, mouth-watering, appetizing banquet that was far beyond their hungriest dreams.
"Bang!" sounded the clock on the last stroke of six.
"Bang!" slammed the dining room door. Frowning Phil and Wantit Myway, still standing on their heads, were left outside.

(Tomorrow will be told how the chase for Joyousness ends in a surprise.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS
THE fire Marlow signed up Dulatch for his fire insurance on "Plant Number 3" we all had lunch together at the Billard Hotel. It was a kind of celebration affair, for that Dulatch contract was the biggest one secured up to date.

Business Questions Answered
I have been an interested reader of your "Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke" articles and am wondering if you could give me advice on a problem which I am trying to solve, namely, how to secure a better position.

"Mr. Marlow, you pretend to be an expert on insurance, don't you? I mean a real dyed-in-the-wool expert."
Marlow looked a bit embarrassed, while Brown laughed and said: "If there's any man within a thousand miles of this spot who really knows the ins and outs of insurance—especially fire and life—than Fred Marlow—well, I've never heard of him, that's all!"

How much accounting do you really know? Could you pass the certified public accountant examinations? If not, I urge you to study hard and take (and pass) the examinations.

"Dick," the girl said presently speaking very slowly, as if she were weighing the words, "I think I have not mentioned it to you before, so I will tell you now, because I shall probably not see you again—I have decided to go away."
"Yes," he said, "I feel just as you do about your country, and I want to do some good with mine. I have decided to go south as a school teacher. It is one of the neediest places in the country, and the future has great possibilities. Oh, with a deprecatory gesture as he began to speak, "I've been thinking of it for nearly a year, so this isn't a sudden impulse."
"But your father—"
"Why, he is heartily in sympathy. I talked to him about it last week, the afternoon he met you in town and you told him of your intention of going to Alaska."

General accounting concerns are actually needing qualified men right now, and the use of public accounting is growing rapidly.

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Don't, however, think that a knowledge of accounting is sufficient. You need a good knowledge of English. You should have a practical understanding of economics, and you should be a good mixer—a fellow whom people like. You can help that ability by studying salesmanship.

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Re-education statistics are very encouraging in France and Canada; in France 45,737 disabled soldiers have been re-educated in the schools, including Serbians, Greeks and Russians, who were admitted on the same terms as their own men. In Canada, by the end of 1918, 2063 men had completed their training and 3400 men were in training, with 8004 more cases approved.

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An inch of rain descending on an acre of land would fill more than 600 barrels of forty-five gallon each.

A NUMBER OF THINGS

In South America two diatines are lizards and baked centipedes.
The historic battle of Waterloo was begun and finished in eight hours.
The first submarine boat was tested in Plymouth harbor, England, in 1774.
The ex-Emperor William II was the first king of Prussia who ever lost his throne.
The music at Irish wakes was originally for the purpose of driving away evil spirits.
The expenditures a year of the United States reclamation service are about \$8,000,000.
The first machine for manufacturing postage stamps was the invention of James Bogardus, who was born at Cats-

kill, N. Y., 119 years ago. When the British Government advertised for a postage stamp made in 1820, Bogardus was one of 1000 competitors for the prize, which was awarded him for his device. Before that he had invented a new kind of clock, a "ringfile" for cotton spinning, an eccentric mill, a machine for engraving figures on watch dials and a machine for printing bank notes.
Re-education statistics are very encouraging in France and Canada; in France 45,737 disabled soldiers have been re-educated in the schools, including Serbians, Greeks and Russians, who were admitted on the same terms as their own men. In Canada, by the end of 1918, 2063 men had completed their training and 3400 men were in training, with 8004 more cases approved.

Houses constructed entirely of salt are a unique feature of some of the villages in Russian Poland.
More than 2000 years ago the ancient Gauls made good soap of beech ashes and the fat of goats.
A field marshal never retires, but remains on the active list and draws full pay till the day of his death.
The suicide rate of Germany was before the war the highest in the world—twenty-one in 100,000 yearly.
A Chicago druggist fired a shotgun at a burglar who entered his store, putting the intruder to flight and thus saving about \$175 in his cash drawer, but smashing with the shot a \$250 showcase and \$250 worth of bottles.
An addition of a small quantity of sodium or magnesium to lead hardens the metal considerably. If tin be added to either of these alloys its brittleness somewhat diminished and its resistance to chemical action accordingly increased.

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